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The Missions of the American Jesuits

Mission fields scattered over the whole world have been assigned to the spiritual care and material support of the various Provinces of the Society of Jesus in America. The American Jesuits gladly accepted these mission charges, and, with the prayers and generous cooperation of zealous friends, are reaping an ever-increasing harvest of souls.

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CHINA

Suchow Mission.

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Caughnawaga, the Iroquois mission near Montreal, is in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator for these two Missions is

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.,
653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

The Indian missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. JOSEPH LEAHY, S.J.,
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada



Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., zealous missionary in Alaska, ready for the trail.

The missionary must first dress in heavy woolen clothes. Over these he draws a reindeer parka with hood attached. Bear-skin driving gloves and mittens cover the hands. The feet are encased in woolen socks, then in moose-skin moccasins, then in fur top-boots with seal-skin soles. The boots reach over the knees and are fastened there with tasseled cords. Thus accoutered, the missionary starts out with his dogs and his sled.

A Wise Little Maid from Japan

Geo. H. Dunne, S.J.

IT was rather a bitter night. A north wind howled through the trees and canyons out Hangman's Creek way, on the eastern edge of Spokane, Washington. A tattered and frayed old man plodded wearily through the snow.

He was cold, hungry, desperately tired and, worst of all, heartsick with loneliness and discouragement. Were it not so dark, a tear might have been seen shining in his eyes. Ragged collar turned up about his throat, hands blue with cold shoved into his thin pockets, he trudged hopelessly on.

Faintly through the trees across the road he saw the dim light of an humble, rude farm house. It roused but little hope in his heart. Already that night he had been curtly turned away from five different houses where he had begged permission to sleep, if only in the barn. People were afraid to trust him. There was too much danger of a fire being started. So let him stagger on until he fell and lay still, and froze to death.

It was but a few weeks after Christmas. Cruel irony. Charity! He had once, long ago, heard sermons preached about it. And then there lingered with him faint recollections of a story told about a certain good Samaritan. He laughed bitterly at the thought. Fairy tales.

WELL, he would try again; and, no doubt, be refused again. He turned across the road, descended among the trees, and approached the small dwelling. His knock roused activity within. He heard the staccato accents of a strange tongue. Light steps timidly approached the door. It opened and a small face looked out. The old man was startled to find himself looking into the browned features of a little Japanese girl of about thirteen years of age.

It was a Japanese family. No hope here, he thought. His heart felt heavier within and he prepared to strike off again through the snow. Her voice arrested him, inquiring in English as perfect as any child's, what he sought.

"Oh, just looking for somebody who'll let me sleep



Hotsuko Iwata, the wise little maid from Nippon, is fifth from the left, back row.

in his barn tonight. Don't suppose there's any chance though. I'll just move along."

"Wait a minute," her voice stopped him again. A rapid fire exchange of Japanese ensued with her mother. A look of disappointment passed over the face of the girl. Her mother was unwilling to take a chance.

"Mother says . . ." but she stopped. She was thinking.

"What if this were our Lord," she thought, "come begging in disguise to our door. And what if we should turn Him away like the Jews did once upon a time when they told Joseph there was no room. Jesus has done this more than once, come begging in disguise. If we turn Him away, maybe He would never come back."

Thus her thoughts ran on. Again she turned to her mother. This time she spoke more earnestly. She was pleading. Finally a light broke over her face as she swung round to the man and said:

"Mother says it is all right. You may stay in our barn. We have lots of nice warm straw. I will come and fix you a bed."

IN the morning he heard whispers and looked up to find nine pairs of eyes peering timidly but curiously upon him through the door. Then he caught a whiff of coffee, and there stood his little benefactress of last night, steaming coffee pot in one hand and a plate heaped high with toast in the other. His little friend and her six younger sisters and two younger brothers sat around him while he ate.

"Why had she helped him last night?" he asked her.

She told him. He was startled to hear her, this little Japanese, speak of Jesus. Was she a Christian?

Yes. She and her six little (Turn to page 21)

Patna's *Bishop* Reports



Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.

The first five American Jesuits reached Patna, India, in March, 1921. Since that time the number of American Jesuits in the Mission has increased yearly, but even today it is far too small to cope with the many problems in Patna. Those who have been laboring in the Mission have done marvels, as is evidenced by the following Annual Report, sent by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.—*Editor.*

Some of the smiling Santals who have left their devil worship and have found Christ. At the left is their apostle, Father James A. Creane, S.J.

fifty-nine conversions made by Patna's apostles among the Santals. Catechumens number seven hundred and eighty as against one hundred and fifty in last year's Report. Added to these consoling figures are the one thousand two hundred and sixty-five Baptisms conferred by Patna's medical missionaries on pagan children and adults in the hour of death.

PERHAPS the most striking item in the Annual Report of Patna Mission for the year July 1, 1930 to June 30, 1931, is the increase in the Catholic population. For

a number of years Patna's Catholics numbered less than seven thousand among some twenty-five million non-Christians—mostly Hindus and Mohammedans. This year the figures show a gratifying increase from six thousand three hundred and seventy-eight to eight thousand one hundred and thirty-three. While this noteworthy increase is due to various

Very Rev. Peter J. Souza, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, distributing Holy Communion to Santal converts.

causes, amongst them the forty-eight Baptisms from paganism at Our Lady of Victory Mission, Ghyree, it is due chiefly to the one thousand four hundred and



Two hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and seven Holy Communion received in the course of twelve months in a comparatively small diocese shows praiseworthy response to Christ's pressing invitation to eat His Sacred Flesh and drink His Precious Blood.

IN our schools, two thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven children are acquiring the knowledge and love and fear of God. Amongst these are one thousand and twenty-nine Catholics and six hundred and eighty-nine non-Catholics, chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans. These latter rarely yield to the light of Christ's teachings or the warmth of His love, except at the hour of death. Some of these eleventh hour conversions have been very consoling. Only a few of the non-Christians have had the courage to ask for Baptism while in school, at least as far as the Hindus and Mohammedans are concerned. The harvest, however, from the Santal schools is encouraging. Practically all the Santal boys—one hundred and eighty-five this year—and Santal girls—sixty-eight this year—who attend our schools receive Baptism, and not a few of them become apostles at home.

The spiritual activities amongst Patna's millions have been carried on this year by twenty Jesuit Fathers, six secular priests, seven Jesuit Scholastics, ten Brothers, seventy-two Sisters (forty-six European and twenty-six Indian), fifty-three catechists and ninety-five lay-teachers. The supreme factor of success is, of course, God's grace, without which we can do nothing. We have clamored to you, our friends, for prayers and you have prayed for us. We have begged for financial help and you have helped us. May God bless you for all that you have done! The financial aid we have received has been generously given, but it is far beneath our needs if we wish to hold the advances we have made in this pagan country. We have already had to curtail our activities, and unless help comes soon we shall have to retreat.

THE upkeep of the missionaries is itself a considerable item of expense, even though the average expense per man is very small for a year's sustenance. For this upkeep of missionaries (amongst them twenty American Jesuit Fathers and seven American Jesuit Scholastics) we have spent thirteen thousand six hundred and seventeen dollars. Part of this sum, too, was expended for the support of the Indian Novice Sisters, and for other items which could be considered under the general head of "Support of Missionaries." How I am going to meet our next annual expenses of about thirty-six thousand dollars is more than I can foresee at the present time. Many of our former faithful benefactors are amongst the six million unemployed Americans; some of them are amongst the six million working on half time and half pay at best; many, too, of our benefactors are amongst those who have been compelled to use up their reserve fund. Not a few of these, as their empty but very consoling letters to us testify, are like the kindly old lady who wrote to me: "Ask your children to pray to God to give me help that I may be able to help you." The total ordinary expense met by our diocese in the past year amounted to ninety-nine thousand seven hundred and seven rupees (the rupee at present is worth about thirty-six cents). Of this



His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India.

amount our own people of Patna Mission, some of them very poor, have contributed eight thousand one hundred and thirty-one rupees. The remainder has come from kindly benefactors in America and elsewhere.

THE work ahead of us in caring for the spiritual salvation of Patna's twenty-five million souls is gigantic. What we have done thus far is encouraging, but it is only a beginning for the greater work ahead. However, we have much to be grateful for. God has blessed us in many ways, and the Catholic Faith is gradually winning over the people of this section in north India. In general, the attendance at Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation is praiseworthy, and a number of people find it possible to come even to daily Mass. Membership in the Apostleship of Prayer has increased from seven hundred and thirty-one to one thousand three hundred and twelve. The membership in the Society for The Propagation of the Faith has grown to nine hundred and thirty-five from three hundred and fifty-seven of last year. Some of our people have been very generous, and best of all, the very poor people of the diocese have been constant in giving their very little to this most holy cause.



Catholic Keekchi Indian school children of the famous Maya country near Punta Gorda, British Honduras.

With Dory and Machete in Honduras

Charles F. Kruger, S.J.

THE Indians at Santa Teresa were sick, likewise those at Aguacate. Keekchi couriers had walked, waded and paddled to Punta Gorda, British Honduras, to tell their *Padre*. I was visiting Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., at the time; hence was privileged to get the following glimpse of British Honduras missionary life.

Day was breaking over the golden Caribbean in front of the Saint Peter Claver Mission House in Punta Gorda as Father Stevenson and Doctor E. C. Savona, the medical officer in charge of the southern British Honduras district, and myself started off in a chartered motor-boat to which was attached the *Padre's* mission dory. An hour or so on the sea, and two or three hours on the Moho River, brought us to the lowest falls of this stream. The trip thus far through these tropic waters kept the doctor and myself marveling at the beauty around us. Father Stevenson, with true missionary foresight, was taking advantage of the morning light to read his breviary. Not even the occasional splashing of a disturbed alligator could distract him.

On reaching the falls, we bade our motor-boat pilots farewell, transferred the Mass kit, oil stocks, medicine kit and *patakees* to the dory, and faced the rapids alone—three men in a boat, not to mention the paddles.

The next eight or nine hours, with the exception of a brief space when we ate our sandwiches and rested, were taken up with a wearisome and seemingly endless round of paddling upstream, tugging now to get our boat over the rocks, then straining to prevent it from being carried back when

we did get through; now wading waist deep where the current was too swift for paddling, then suddenly swimming for our lives when the rapids would topple us over; and all under a flaming tropic sun. By nightfall we had struggled to the end of our river journey. Worn out by our work amid the rapids, with arms and shoulders aching from the hours of paddling, and bruised all over by the buffeting we received in our stumbblings amid the jagged rocks of the limestone bed of the river, we hauled up our boat and debated whether we should go on; for Santa Teresa was still three miles away, and those three through the bush. Now "bush" is a euphemism for jungle, and the night was fast closing in upon us, so we decided to spend the night on the bank of the river on the edge of the jungle rather than risk losing our way and spending the night within it.

WE ate the soggy remnants of our lunch in the dark, strung our wet hammocks by flashlight under the dark canopy of the forest, stepped gingerly so as not to give the fire ants underfoot a chance to mass for their attacks, chased a pair of (Turn to page 22)



Obstacles in the way on the Moho River trip. Father Stevenson (left) and the author (facing camera).

Simeon Sipari, Alaska

Francis M. Menager, S.J.



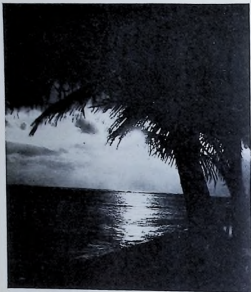
To such as these, Eskimos of Alaska, had Simeon brought the Gospel of the Master.

LAST Spring, word came to me by telegram to Holy Cross, Alaska, that on the Island of Tununa on the west coast, right on the Bering Sea, in a little Eskimo village where most of the people were Catholics, death had come to a foremost catechist of the Eskimo country, to our good friend, Simeon Sipari. For twenty-five years of his life Simeon spent his entire efforts in the cause of Christ, and helped the missionaries in a most substantial manner, by his interpreting, by his words and by his example to establish the Eskimo missions on a lasting basis. He was born of a Russian father, named John Sipari, and of an Eskimo mother. From his father he inherited the sturdiness and sagaciousness which was found in the characters of the Russian settlers of Alaska; from his mother, he inherited the sweetness of temper, the gentleness of character and the mystic faith that was evidenced in all his actions. After his birth he was baptized by a Russian priest and became a member of the Russian Orthodox Church. It was only through strange circumstances that he came to know, to love and to join the Catholic Church, for which he worked so well.

ONE day, when he was but twelve years old, he was bitten by a malamute, and his right leg was mangled beyond description. There were no doctors around, and there was much danger of gangrene setting in the wound, and of almost certain death for the boy.

At that time, however, our great missionary, Father Aloysius Robaut of the Society of Jesus, one of the most wonderful missionaries of the frozen land, heard of the accident and, confident in the knowledge of medicine he had acquired in his frequent ministrations to the whites and to the natives, hurried to the bedside of Simeon. For a month he stayed at Mr. Sipari's house, taking care of the boy, dressing his wound two and three times a day, and by his untiring efforts he managed to save the lad's life. As a result, an intense friendship sprang up between the missionary and the boy. Simeon felt certain that a man who could be so devoted must belong to the true Church of Christ. He made inquiries, studied very seriously for two or three years, and made up his mind that he wanted to become a Catholic. Against his mother's will, he joined the Catholic Church and became one of its most devoted members in Alaska. Then he offered his services to the Fathers, and he became their guide, interpreter, dog man and catechist. The last position he held was that of catechist among the Nirkteu-ment Eskimos. For two years he worked for that people, and managed to teach them all their prayers and much of the catechism, and disposed them for the visit of the priest and for the sacraments.

Last Winter we heard that Simeon was seriously sick. He was suffering, apparently, from neuritis brought on by frequent exposure (Turn to page 22)



LONELY LANAO

Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

THE quietest town in the Philippine Islands, I think, is Iligan, the port of the province of Lanao, on the island of Mindanao. In it today there are living 40,000 people whom poverty has unmistakably marked for its own. Yet it is very peaceful and very quiet. And there is a weird intangible something in the atmosphere that, added to the heavy tropical stillness, makes Iligan seem like the veritable Sleepy Hollow of Mindanao.

But in this quiet town there is one tremendously active figure, in the person of Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J. We might well call him a dynamo of energy, and a real hero, for he is really as brave a man as I have ever known. Father Hofmann is a small man, athletically built, with large blue eyes that miss nothing, and a restless energy that keeps him working, on the average about nineteen hours a day.

For five years he has been the only priest in the entire province of Lanao, an area covering about 3,000 square miles, and peopled

mostly by the Moros, or Mohammedans, a fierce-rugged, treacherous people, who still retain all the old customs, dress and vices of their Turkish and Arabic ancestors. Racially, however, they are Malays.

In this scene of almost continual war between Moro insurrectionists and the Philippine Constabulary there are only nine Americans. These are the Governor, John Heffington, a wise, gracious and efficient gentleman, Father Hofmann. (For next to the Governor, Father Hofmann is really the most important man in Lanao), the School Superintendent, two lumber men, the Provincial Commander of the Constabulary, two Constabulary lieutenants, and a Protestant minister.

AMONG the Moros there are many grades and conditions of life. Their highest rank is that of Sultan, though there are many independent Sultans, and no supreme ruler; next in dignity is the Rajahmud; then the Datu; and at the bottom of the social ladder are the slaves. They practise polygamy according to their means; they have several unimposing mosques; and when tired of life they run amuck, or *juramentado*, and kill Christians until they are killed themselves.

Among these people, who far outnumber the Christians, Father Hofmann lives alone. It would be wrong to say that he is always in danger, but at times he has been in great danger. He is the only white man in the province who does not carry a gun. Only a month before I arrived in Iligan, Father Hofmann was stoned by Moros, as he was on his way to a church *fiesta* in his little Ford. Coming to a narrow part of the road, Father Hofmann saw both sides of it lined with Moros. As he came up, they recognized him, and in a spirit of derision, started to hurl stones at the car. The thought of danger never seemed to enter Father Hofmann's head; instead he became indignant. He suddenly backed the car into the crowd on one side of the road, scattering them on all sides, then he shot across the road into the other crowd, driving right off the road and into the underbrush. The Moros, thoroughly frightened, ran for their lives. Father Hofmann believes in biting the lion. "If they had broken my car," he exclaimed, "I could never have reached that *fiesta*."



A dilapidated barrio church—one of the 24 stations in Lanao—where Father Hofmann says Mass. Father Hofmann (left) and the author.

What Iligan must have been before Father Hofmann came there five years ago, we can only imagine. He pointed out to me many improvements, partly at his own suggestion, mostly through the enterprise of the Governor; but still, for all that, the church is in a terrible condition; its pillars are crooked and rotten; there are boards missing from its sides; it was never painted, even when it was newly built. Yet the entire interior has been relined with plain lumber by Father Hofmann; and the pillars all boxed in, to make them look a bit neater. Still, it is a hopeless task, and only a new church, sometime in the dim future, will solve the problem.

IN the province of Lanao, there are twenty-four stations where Father Hofmann must say Mass and administer the sacraments, at least once in the year. Some of these places he can get to only by boat—by steamer when there is one; by *banca* or canoe, at other times. These *banca*s are small boats hollowed out of a single tree; you must sit perfectly upright in them, and there is no room to stretch your legs. Father Hofmann has travelled twelve to fourteen hours at a time in one of these boats, mostly at night, to avoid the scorching heat of the sun; and many a time, through a ten-hour downpour of rain. The "chapels" where he says Mass are small enough, and poor enough; pop bottles serve as candlesticks; the roof is of *nipa*; and birds make their nests above the altar. Fourteen of these chapels he has built himself. He has nothing suitable in which to carry the holy baptismal water, except an old wine bottle. The "white garment" with which he invests each child during Baptism, is now only a dirty towel. Few people ever think of sending a missionary some plain, clean linens. A single lace piece would not go far; nor would it be long before it was appropriated by some mischievous boy.

THE most touching of the native customs, to me, was the procession called the *Solidad* on Good Friday night. On the afternoon of Good Friday, all the people of the town make the Way of the Cross; altars for the Stations have been erected around the town with the help of tables and white cloths; hymns are sung and the prayers recited at each. Then at night, about 9:00 P.M., is held the *Solidad*. A statue of our Lady is carried from station to station along the same Way of the Cross, stopping for a time at each station, but all in silence; the priest, as usual, is the last in line. The idea is that our Lady, on the night of Good Friday, retraced the steps of her Divine Son, in silence, alone with her

sorrow; and the people wish to follow her. There are so many things about the missions that are discouraging, that a custom like this, so sincere and so Catholic, acts like a tonic on the nerves. On Easter Sunday, a double procession starts out from the church; the women, bearing a statue of our Lady robed in black, as the Mother of Sorrows, go one way; the men, with a statue of the Risen Savior, take another way; the two processions meet in the middle of the town, and a little child dressed like an angel lifts the black garment from our Lady, and lo, she is attired all in white! It is supposed to be the Easter Morning meeting of Mother and Son. They then jointly proceed to the church for the Mass.

Another touching thing that I noticed during Holy



Moros weave their banca sails till they become like painted sails upon a painted sea.

Week was the devotion of the old women to the Blessed Sacrament. On Holy Thursday, a continuous stream of little old women kept pouring in to kneel before the Repository, each one of them carrying a glass filled with cocoanut oil, which she lighted and placed before the Blessed Sacrament. When I considered that in those poor huts there could scarcely be more than one glass, and that it probably took each old woman several days to squeeze out enough oil from the nuts to fill a glass, and to make a wick for the light, I realized that the offering certainly meant much in the eyes of God. It was all they had to give.

Sunday is an all day grind. Mass at Iligan, with confessions, Communions and sermon in Visayan; a second Mass at Initau, forty miles distant; after that, Benediction; confessions; Baptisms. No breakfast; no dinner. All afternoon he was baptizing; at 5 P.M., a boy asked him for a medal, so he made a bargain. "I'll give you a medal," he said, "if you'll get me a drink of water." That day he baptized 108. (*To be continued.*)

A Mission in Ruins

Gabriel M.

Menager, S. J.

EARLY in November, a fire, starting in a defective flue, destroyed nearly all the buildings of St. Paul's Mission, Blaine Co., Montana. Nothing is left except the boys' building, which also housed the dining hall, post office and administration office. Because of a strong wind and also a lack of adequate fire fighting equipment, the blaze could not be checked before it had done its work of destruction.

The famous old church, upon whose walls were paintings done by an Italian Jesuit Brother, was razed by the fire, as was the girls' building, which contained recitation halls and recreation rooms. The granary and warehouses were burned down, and with them went the food supply for the Winter. Some of the girls have been sent to their homes, and plans for meeting the emergency of caring for the other children and building up the mission are being worked out by those in charge.

Thus briefly is told the sad story of the destruction of the Jesuit mission among the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine Indians of the northwest. Around this venerable old mission centers the story of some of the early efforts of the Jesuit missionaries in the Rockies.

ST. Paul's Mission was established in 1886 by Father Eberschweiler, a zealous Jesuit missionary. The buildings were constructed of native stone, laboriously hewn from nearby mountains. The famous St. Paul's Mission Canyon, picturesque spot of the Little Rockies, is a short distance away. In this setting stood the old mission buildings, surrounded by a four thousand acre mission farm, where Indian children have received instruction in farming and gardening in addition to grade school education. The Ursuline Sisters have been assisting the Jesuit Fathers in the direction of the school which was attended by some 125 Indian boys and girls.

When Father Eberschweiler first came to the mission, he found his new charges poverty-stricken and degraded. The Indians were living in the neighborhood of Fort Belknap. The location was undesirable from many viewpoints. Unable to find a fitting location at first, the missionary spent a few months studying the language.



The Mission that was. St. Paul's Indian Mission, Blaine Co., Montana. Left to right: Father J. J. Balfe, S. J. (Superior), Father B. Feust, S. J., and Very Rev. W. J. Fitzgerald, S. J. (Vice-Provincial of the Rocky Mountain Region).

With the coming of Spring he found the new mission spot in the Little Rockies. Timber there was plentiful; the soil rich and the water good. The Indians were pleased at the choice, for the spot had been one of their favorite places in buffalo hunting of former years. At a council meeting, the chiefs of the tribe drew up a petition in which they agreed to surrender the remainder of the land in their Reservation if they would be permitted to retain 40,000 square miles in and near the Little Rockies. When the Government had accepted the new treaty, Father Eberschweiler began the construction of the buildings. This was in the Summer of 1886. The first buildings were log houses, the largest being twenty-five by seventy-five feet. The next Summer, a contract school was opened, and the Government allowed one hundred dollars a year for each pupil. It was in this year that the Ursuline Sisters came to the mission.

THE Government help, however, was later withdrawn, and since that time the mission has had to struggle for an existence and has had to rely on the charity of Catholic friends, chief among whom were the Catholic Indian Bureau of Washington and the Marquette League of New York. Though the enrollment varied, the number of boys and girls attending reached as high as 185; in recent years it has been 125.

Father John J. Balfe, S. J., the Superior of the mission, while deeply grieved over the great loss that the fire has meant to him, to the Sisters and to their Indian charges, is facing the problem of reconstruction with a true missionary spirit. Plans are being drawn for the rebuilding of the mission, but Father Balfe and his co-workers will have to rely very considerably on the charity of the friends of our Catholic missions in the northwest.

Recruiting the Ranks at May River

Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J.



"Allow me to introduce you to genial Father Skelly, S.J."

ALLOW me to introduce you to genial Father Skelly, S.J., formerly a successful teacher in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and now for more than eight years pastor of Port Antonio, Buff Bay, Avocat, May River and Mount Joseph, on the island of Jamaica, B. W. I. By cutting windows near the roof, extending the porch and growing a shade-giving vine, he has turned a dilapidated shanty into a livable house, while by the charity of friends a converted barn has now become a neat and respectable church.

My last visit to Father Skelly was at his mission station of May River, to which I accompanied Bishop Emmet as he went to confer Confirmation on close to a hundred of Father Skelly's hopefuls of every hue

"After the ceremonies all gathered on the hillside outside the church to pledge allegiance to the Bishop and then to greet him individually."



A Thousand Miles

Alexander?



The author, at the end of a portage on the Albany River. The four pack-sacks, tied with a tump-line which crosses the head, contain the large tent and the portable altar.

visit to his Catholic Indians, compiled from a hasty diary where the doings of each day were faithfully recorded.

June the sixth saw us quit the train at Lake Savant Station, about 125 miles north of Port Arthur, Ontario. We hired a team to cart our baggage as far as the first trickle of water. The rough ride broke a seat on the canoe and caused our gasoline tanks to spring a leak. This minor damage was repaired at our first camping ground, but patching was, we soon learned, to become a regular pastime during the trip.

Our first day was bright but chill, and we were not bothered by insects, the mortal enemies of the Canadian missionary. It was glorious to be in the wilds for a change. No more roar of crowded city streets, no dust,—just the quiet, red-gold sun to watch us at the close of day, as we knelt by the small camp-fire to say our Ojibway prayers and sing Indian songs. Snug in heavy elderdowns, caressed by the cool, pine-scented air that swept through our little tent, open to the moon-light, we were soon fast asleep, enjoying the perfect rest that only forest and stream can bestow. So far so good.

OUR canoe measured nineteen feet in length, four in width and two in depth. It carried in all, a weight of 2500 pounds. There were, besides the guides and ourselves, the provisions for our two-months journey, 380 pounds of gasoline, the engine, tool-box, iron kitchen-box, axes, guns, ammunition, fishing-rods, poles, paddles, two tents, a tarpaulin, ground-sheets, pack-sacks for each of us, handbags, raincoats, jackets, a haversack and a number of Ojibway prayer books, as well as trinkets of various kinds for distribution among the Indians. Truly, a formidable array of equipment!

Luckily, we had good men with us. Joe habitually carried 250 pounds of gasoline and another box weighing 150 pounds, just to give him balance. David carried 300 pounds, and Father Couture 250, while my load was a mere fraction of these. These hardened men of the north can carry phenomenal loads with the head-strap. One stocky fellow, Xavier, just to show that it could be done, trotted twenty-five yards with 700 pounds of flour.

We motored through the calm waters of Lake Chivelston in comfort. Then we threw everything on shore, and portaged, canoe and all, about three quarters of a mile. I carried my pack-sack, the big canvas tent, kit-bag and the small, outboard motor. "That feels fine!" I said, "Give me some more." "No, that's all. Go!" replied David, "*Mi iwee-Madjan!*"

I followed a small, well-beaten track through the bush for about seventy-five yards, when my neck began to ache. "So," I muttered, "now I know where the picnic ends." Each attempted shift of my tump-line or head-strap brought sharper pains. Meanwhile, the small of my back complained of the stooping position, the buckles of my pack-sack seemed to be wearing holes in my

MISSIONARY travel with its inevitable experiences and adventures, great and small, becomes a matter of routine to the veteran, but to me, a novice at the game, the role of companion on a thousand mile canoe trip to the Indians of northern Canada provides thrills and impressions a plenty. The following account is a summary of Father Joseph Couture's, S.J., semi-annual



Seated on the missionary's upturned canoe are some of the sterling Ojibways of the northern country. The two guides on the trip, David and Joe, are at the extreme left.

es in a Canoe

land, S.J.

flesh, while the perspiration streamed from my brow. I was then obliged to hold my head-strap from slipping backward and forward on my sweat-soaked forehead. Both hands thus occupied, I was defenseless against the mosquitoes which wrought havoc with my city-man's flesh and patience. By repeatedly saying, "Just a few more steps before you quit," I managed to finish the portage, where I threw myself down and hugged mother earth. After a little, I drank, then went back for two more trips.

Our portaging over, we re-embarked, and with humming engine crossed Lake Harris in forty minutes. Then another quarter of a mile portage, followed by dinner in a shower of rain. With this process repeated, the last mile and a half being partly up hill and partly in muskeg, we finished our day's work. When the last lap had been covered, even stalwart Father Couture, moulded by the Creator for these missionary hardships, eagerly stretched himself out with the Indians on a carpet of moss. For myself, I should hours previously have been content to depart from this burdensome life.

DAY after day we forged ahead. Arrived at Lake Eagle, we beheld a monument of extant pagan superstition. In a clearing on the bank, the skeleton of a bear's head was perched upon a high, slender pole which had been peeled in broad strips. It is a pagan practice to reverence bears, possibly because of their resemblance, when skinned, to human beings.

Rising early and retiring late, paddling, poling, portaging, trekking, wading through water and plunging through bush, swamp and muskeg, constantly plagued by mosquitoes and black fleas, we wended our toilsome way to our first mission at Lake St. Joseph. Here was a family, the best of Catholics, standing in the heavy rain, waiting to welcome us. After shaking hands warmly all round, with a "Bojo, lBojo, Bojo," they took our baggage ashore, put up our tents and furnished us with a supply of dry wood. A considerable number of families from the neighboring shores had assembled at Lake St. Joseph during the week, to await the priest's arrival. Some had traveled a good two hundred miles to assist at the mission.

Bright and early the next morning, once more attired in religious garb, we erected our altar in the tent. During Mass, Father Couture preached a sermon in Ojibway and the Indians chanted hymns, composed especially for them in syllabic language. After Mass, yet more Indians came. An edifying and encouraging spectacle was that of two squaws with six tiny children, paddling swiftly and dexterously into the teeth of threatening waves. Ten o'clock was the hour of catechism, mainly for the children, though all were welcome. For an hour and a half,



The Ojibway smile. All dressed up in Sunday's clothes. Lake St. Joseph, Ontario.

Father sat on a box near the altar, instructing the tots. Two hours of the afternoon were taken up with singing practice. This is an enjoyable occupation for the Indians, affording at the same time, religious instruction. The hymns, once learned, are sung at home during the Winter evenings. From 6 A.M., to 11 P.M., our tent was a sort of reception booth. Every imaginable pretext brings the Indians to the missionary. One woman was so anxious to have her music box blessed that she appeared on the scene as we were about to make ready for bed. Another arrived with a baby suffering from a cold. "Could the Father do anything for it? Was it serious?"

The evening was the busiest period of all. Some forty Catholics trooped into the tent at (Turn to page 23)



In full action, poling the missionary's land down stream. Sometimes the Indians shot the rapids at full speed, at other times they checked the canoe at every yard, carefully twisting in and out to avoid the rocks.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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refused admission because funds are lacking to pay for their training and education. Some friends have been generous in spite of hard times, but others (though we wish surely to exclude and excuse those who have scarcely enough to live on), considering giving to the missions a sort of luxury, have cut off their supply of help. The result has been well-nigh disastrous. Superiors of the various missions throughout the world plead with all of us Catholics to give to their cause—our cause, Christ's cause—even at the price of sacrifice. If even this is impossible, they ask us at least not to cease in our efforts at storming Heaven by our prayers for the missions.

The third difficulty confronting the missions, in some districts, at least, is political. Here we may list the general unrest of the world at large, and specifically, the internal revolutions of China and India, and the need of constant watchfulness in these countries and in Japan that no laws be passed jeopardizing Catholic education or the freedom of preaching everywhere the Gospel of Christ.

We look forward to the year ahead with hope, but hope is builded on that virtue so characteristic of every true missionary, an implicit trust in God. Let it be the dominant note in all our prayers this year, but especially our prayers for the missions.

The Church Unity Octave

OUR Catholic people are urged again this year to join in the eight days' prayer known as the "Church Unity Octave," January 18 to 25. The Octave has as its distinctive missionary aim the union of all peoples in Christ, the only True Shepherd, who speaks to us through His Vicar, the Pope, as head of the Catholic Church. Catholics are urged to receive the Sacraments at least once during the Octave and to recite daily the prayers given on page 15, at the bottom of column 2.

The following is the list of intentions for each day of the Octave:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

May this year be propitious especially to the Orthodox Catholics of Russia and the Jacobites of Malabar in India. Leon Trotsky maintains that only seven per cent of the Russian people are atheistic, while observers report that churches are thronged as in the days of Faith. The status of the Jacobites is explained in this month's Mission Intention.

God bless you and grant you a happy prosperous New Year! May each day be happier than the one preceding because it finds you ever closer to Christ, the King!

The Editors

The Missions Look at 1932

AS we look back at the year 1931, we see great cause for gratitude to God, for in every large mission sector of the Church there has been consoling progress. In normal times the progress would very likely have been phenomenal. In the main, three important difficulties stood in the way of greater advances, and it is well to give these some consideration as we look ahead to the year 1932.

The first difficulty is one of vocations. The number of young men and women answering the call to the missions has been most consoling, yet far from adequate to meet the needs of the missions in new advances on the mission front, and in giving relief to those missionaries who are physically worn out in spite of heroic efforts. More and more priests, Brothers and Sisters are needed on nearly every mission to catch the torch of faith from failing hands of heroes and carry it further into the dark ranks of paganism. Let us pray that the Lord of the Harvest send more and more laborers into His Vineyard.

The second difficulty the missions have faced in the past year, and one that menaces even more threateningly in the year ahead, is a financial one. Always working more or less on a narrow budget—mostly cared for by generous Catholics at home in America and in Europe—the missions have been forced to arrest their forward march in some instances, while in others they had positively to retreat, all for lack of funds to carry on. Even young men with vocations to the priesthood have to be

American Jesuits in Patna, India

AMERICAN JESUITS from the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus have just completed ten years of apostolic labors in the Patna Mission in northern India. During these ten years, the mills of God, the mills of merit, have been turning steadily until at last the hard grain of paganism has been deemed worthy to be incorporated into the mystical body of Christ Raja, Christ, the King. For the American Jesuit personality, charged as a magnet with the grace of God, has succeeded finally in drawing more than 1500 Santals into the one true fold—the first notable total of conversions in over a hundred years of Patna's mission history. Today in this mission field of 25,000,000 souls, there are less than 10,000 Catholics. Yet from their base of operations, which includes 9 residences, 9 churches, 1 high school, gift of an unknown American benefactress, and in which, religious instruction is of obligation for both Catholic and non-Catholic, 1 industrial school, 5 middle schools, 1 printing press, 17 mission stations, 1 novitiate, 1 orphanage and numerous village schools and chapels, 30 American Jesuits are fighting hopefully for the conquest of all of Santal Land and the as yet unevangelized millions of Hindus and Moham-



medans in Patna's Mission districts. In union with the Pope of the Missions, the Very Rev. P. J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, places his hope for the future in his 5 native novices, his 20 native apostolics, his convent of native Sisters and the unprecedented number of applications for entrance into the Society of Jesus—which, however, for lack of the very necessities of life, he is as yet unable to accept. The laborers are many, the revenues few.

ETYMOLOGICALLY, the Jacobites received their name from Jacob Baradaeus, an illustrious heretical bishop of the national Church of Syria. Dogmatically, they believe that there is only one nature in Christ and thus are out of communion with Rome. Geographically, they are centered in Syria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Palestine, Armenia, Egypt, Abyssinia and Malabar in southern India. Numerically, they total at the most about 1,000,000 souls.

While referring in general to all the Jacobites throughout the world, still, the mission intention for January was inspired in particular by the Malabar Movement for reunion with Rome, India's Oxford Movement, which was inaugurated by Mar Ivanios, formerly a Syrian Jacobite archbishop, and now an archbishop in the one true Church of Christ. In a series of religious conferences, this Newman of the east has already exposed before successive Jacobite audiences both the origin and the bitter consequences of their schism. Some hundreds of converts have already been draughted in the net of his logic and the gracious, understanding unctious of his words. At the present writing, group prospects in the form of entire villages are asking for reunion, while in more than forty Jacobite centers major sections

THE MISSION INTENTION

for JANUARY

The Return of the Jacobites to Catholic Unity

prayers of the Church Unity Octave. The prescribed prayer is:

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me."

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles, Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the Faithful who simply join in the devotions piously. Benedict XV, Feb. 25, 1916.)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CANADIAN INDIANS

Cecil A. Primeau, S.J., who has the heart of a missionary, has been delving into the story of apostolic labors in Canada. He sends the following account left by Father N. Dugas, S.J., who labored for thirty years among the Ojibway Indians of northern Ontario.

"After visiting my scattered mission and covering in three weeks 450 miles by dog-team, the eighth of February saw me back home again at Nipigon. A telegram awaited me. Without a day's rest I must set out again. An old Indian squaw lies dying at Apagaswa Sibling—just 250 miles away—182 miles along the railroad, then 70 miles by snowshoe, with the pleasure of passing three or four nights sleeping in the open wintry air. My bed? A hole in the snow, scooped out with my snowshoes; spruce or fir branches for a mattress, a blanket for a sheet. My knapsack covered with my soutane for a pillow, a comforter of rabbit skin—behold my bed!

"The old squaw was still living when I arrived. I had the happiness of hear-

ing her confession, administering Holy Viaticum to her during the Mass celebrated in her poor cabin, of giving her Extreme Unction and leaving her filled with joy and hope. Ah, yes, the life of the missionary may be rugged, and painful to nature, but it has its happy hours, its unforgettable hours of interior, supernatural consolation.

"Such a sick-call gives one a right to take a little rest. So on my return I rest by setting to work in another direction—to visit my missions scattered along the Canadian Pacific Railway: Grasset, Wawa, Michipicoton. On my return again to Nipigon, another sick-call awaits me. I must travel 350 miles before again seeing my humble dwelling. A trifle, did you say? At last I reach the designated place only to discover, not without finding it a little hard, that the supposedly dying one has not even been sick. Was I to make a fuss and 'shake the snow-dust from my snow-shoes?' Wait! This Indian indeed is well, but nine miles further on, an old squaw is very sick—her last sickness, perhaps.

Learning of my presence, she sends for me. She had been baptized by the Anglican minister; is no longer a pagan; but she does not want to die a Protestant; she wants to become a Catholic. Is it possible? I instructed her as much as her condition permitted, baptized her conditionally before hearing her confession, gave her Extreme Unction, and left her, too, happy and ready to appear soon before her God. Truly, God's ways are not our ways. I had hastened to a would-be sick person, but in the Divine provisions a truly sick one awaited me."

BRITISH HONDURAS

"God bless you for your charity towards stricken Belize!" is the message sent by Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., to all readers of *Jesuit Missions*, who gave so generously in response to the good Bishop's appeal printed in the November issue. His Excellency was greatly cheered by the alms, the message of sympathy and good will that came to him during the weeks following the disastrous hurricane and tidal wave which all but destroyed the capital of British Honduras. Resigned to God's Holy Will, that at the advanced age of seventy-five he begins again.

with the hearty co-operation of his untiring fellow Jesuit missionaries, to reconstruct the mission work of Belize. Bishop Murphy has lost no time in his regrets. He and his Jesuit brethren are already caring for the education of some 1,000 children in the hastily repaired buildings near the damaged Cathedral, and they are helping on all sides to create and foster a spirit of optimism in the stricken city.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Under date of October 1, 1931, arriving from Shanghai, China, Father Joseph Reith, S.J., until recently one of the editors of *Jesuit Missions*, reports a very interesting passage over the Pacific Ocean towards the Philippine Islands. He says in part:

"We are getting very near to the missions of the Philippines. Our first stop in the Orient was at Yokohama, Japan, where we were met by Father Hayne R. Martin, S.J., who has been teaching at the Jesuit University in



Father Eugene Papincan, S.J., Canadian missionary, well beloved by Indians and whites, died in Toronto on July 31, 1931.



Father George Marin, S.J., formerly Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, recently appointed Vice-Superior of the newly created Prefecture Apostolic of Szechwan, China, entrusted to the Canadian Jesuits.



En route to Mindanao, P. I., Father Joseph Reith, S. J., (right) formerly Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, stopped in Japan to greet his fellow New Yorker, Father Hayne R. Martin, S.J., who is professor of English at the Catholic University in Tokyo.

Tokyo. Father Martin is apparently in good health and has been doing energetic and valuable work at the University as professor of English literature. He has also done considerable lecturing at the university clubs. Father Martin's familiarity with Tokyo, and especially his knowledge of the Japanese language, made our short stay at Tokyo doubly interesting and instructive.

"We were fortunate, too, to meet His Lordship, Bishop John Ross, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, who was in Tokyo for the day. Bishop Ross is a good friend of *Jesuit Missions* and has contributed articles to its pages.

"After Shanghai, the boat stops at Hong Kong, and then sails for Manila, P. I. We will be glad when the long journey is over, and will be eager to go right into the missions and get to work."

From last dispatches we learn that Father Reith has arrived in Mindanao. More than ever is he conscious of the host of friends whom he has left behind him in America. His gratitude for their loyalty in the past is mingled with a fervent hope that they may not forget him in the future.

Between attending some twenty outlying stations dependent on their mission of Dapitan, Zamboanga, and keeping a parochial school running on a slender budget, Father Jaime Valles, S.J., and Father Eusebio Salvador, S.J., have little time for writing letters.

But they manage somehow. After a missionary trip of thirty-seven days during which he visited fourteen centers in his territory, Father Valles writes:

"During these days I baptized 484 children and adults; seventeen of them had been Aglipayans. I suffered much physically from the intense heat hiking over hilly trails, from the lack of accommodations where I had to stop, and from many other things; but much harder to bear was the anguish of soul at seeing the state of abandonment throughout almost all this region—the people in such ignorance of the truths of our Faith."

The school is the responsibility that Father Salvador carries.

"I firmly believe that the salvation of Catholicity in the Philippines depends primarily on Catholic education. There is, then, an imperative need of making our school here in Dapitan first class. This, however, means a large outlay of money. Just to begin, I have to spend 500 dollars. Then I must provide for the teachers' salaries. This town is very Catholic and the parents willingly send their children to us rather than to the public school. This year, with the little propaganda I made about raising the parochial school standard, we have already enrolled 157 boys and 152 girls. Last year we had but 105, all told."

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from the Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao:

"Tomorrow is *Fiesta Day* at Jimenez. Saint John the Baptist is our Patron. You know what *fiesta* means, a sort of geometric increase of spokes in the wheel of activities, all requiring attention and placement at this time that the *fiesta* wheel may turn with celerity and without accident to make the people happy and holy with Saint John the Baptist.

"Our Parochial school started first semester over two weeks ago. As the

times require that we demand a tuition fee of fifty cents monthly from each student, and also that the students pay for their books, the list of students is not as long as it would be in normal times. Of course, fifty cents monthly seems very small, but with the price of coconuts below three cents per kilo (they have sold as high as fifteen cents) many of our parishioners who depend upon the coconuts for their bread and butter, cannot afford even the small tuition fee which circumstances make necessary to keep our school going. Saint John the Baptist, however, is watching over us here, and he will surely show us a way out of our worries and anxieties."

Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., apropos of the visitation of Very Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J., the Superior of the Philippine Mission, writes from Cagayan as follows:

"The reception to Father Hayes was the biggest thing Cagayan has ever seen. Many came back to the sacraments and many were converted. The affection of the people for him is very great, and they manifested it in great style."

In thanking *Jesuit Missions* for gifts forwarded to his lepers, Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., chaplain of the world's largest leper colony at Culion, Palawan, P. I., notes in regard to the irregularity of the mail schedule:

"If this acknowledgement seems to be too slow in reaching you, may we explain that our Post Office is rather primitive, that we have no regular schedule of mail, that we depend on a few freight steamers that come very irregularly . . . so that it is very easy to suffer great delay. Incidentally, we are more than eleven thousand miles away and the average time for a letter from the other side of the world is about five weeks."



The new dormitory building at *Khris Raja High School*, Bettiah, Patna Mission, is the gift of an Indian ruler, the *Bettiah Raj*.

PATNA, INDIA

Father Aloysius Pettit, S.J., has taken up his work as acting Vice-Rector of the Christ Raja High School at Bettiah in Patna Mission. While he regrets leaving the work among the Santals, he enters with zest and enthusiasm on the new work at the famous missionary high school. The work at Bettiah is truly missionary, and is most important for the spread of Christianity among Hindus and Mohammedans. The missionary faculty of the high school for the coming year consists of the following Jesuits: Fathers R. Bohn and H. Milet; Messrs. M. Batson, R. Mehren, J. Morrison, D. Pinto, P. Smith, and Brother Stanislaus. In the parish of the town of Bettiah and at the Middle English School are the zealous laborers: Father W. Marquard, Mr. M. Moran and Brother Pais. The latter is in charge of the Mission Press.

Father Charles Miller, S.J., formerly in charge of Ghyree, has been assigned to Bhagalpur to work among the Santals. He will also care for Charka Pathal and Gajhi, stations formerly attended to by Father Henry Westropp, S.J., who now goes to Ghyree.

Father A. Forster, S.J., the distinguished missionary at Chuhari, will be assisted by Brothers Dennis Jenkinson, S.J., and Stephen Gerard, S.J., the two Brothers who have just finished their training at Shembaganur.

Father W. Elme, S.J., has returned to his former station at Dinapore Cantonment. He is succeeded at Jamalpur by Father Edward O'Leary, S.J., who will also take care of the stations at Gaya Buxar and Arrah.

Telling what was happening to his home station while he was visiting his scattered Santal missions, Father John Kilian, S.J., untiring missionary apostle among the Santals, writes:

"Back home again. And what a reception I got from my 'one-time devil-worshippers!' They all turned out to meet me—thought I would never come back. Everybody was genuinely happy.

"Besides the villagers, another huge delegation awaited my arrival. They had been busy in my absence, invaded my house, my chapel and all the boxes. I am a ruined man. Legions of white ants were putting the 'finishing touches' to my church goods. They have eaten up all the vestments, albs, surplices, purificators—everything that was edible. On some of the pictures, only the glass and a part of the frame remains to tell the story of the pitiful devastation. But I had my revenge. I corralled as many of the invaders as possible, poured them in a washtub, gave them a hearty drink of methylated spirits, and then warmed their backs with a match. But that did not compensate for my loss, nor did it

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



RT. REV. JOSÉ CLOS, S.J.

THE Rt. Rev. José Clos, S.J., was born at Prelada, Spain, July 23, 1859. At the age of nineteen he entered the Society of Jesus, and was ordained to the priesthood on July 29, 1894. Shortly after his ordination, he was appointed for work on the Philippine Mission, and during his stay in Manila, his tact and apostolic prudence did much to facilitate the measures of readjustment necessary upon the establishment of American control. In 1910, he was inducted as Rector of the Seminary of San José, Manila, and in 1915 was elevated to the dignity of Bishop of the See of Zamboanga, a diocese that is practically coextensive with the entire island of Mindanao. It was during his episcopate and at his request, that sectors of this mission field of Mindanao were confided to American Jesuit Fathers—one of the most strategic moves in the missionary annals of the Philippines. While laboring to solve the problems arising from this second period of readjustment, Bishop Clos met a tragic death on Sunday, August 2, 1931. He was seventy-three years of age.

cool my ruffled spirits. Karl also got a piece of my mind. But it's the same old story: 'when the cat's gone the rats cut up'—or something like that.

"You would not believe it, but in my kitchen the white ants had eaten up a picture of the Blessed Virgin, leaving only the color (in spots) on the glass. And what the ants didn't get the rats found. My table cloth was in shreds. My mattress was strewn over the floor, and one of my cassocks was neatly honey-combed that I gave it to a beggar to catch fish with. It made an excellent net. And the moral of all this: Don't leave home to make another long retreat. Eh?"

ALASKA

From Akulurak, Alaska, the veteran missionary, Father John L. Luchessa, S.J., writes:

"You must believe that I am dead and buried because I did not acknowledge your very kind donation of April 2. I ask your pardon for the long delay, but I could not help it. Early in Spring, as soon as Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., our new Superior, reached Holy Cross, I left, and for over three months I was like a spinning top, traveling all over, mostly far away from any mail route, visiting the new missions along the coasts. If you had been with me, you would have been pleased to see the wonderful good accomplished in those missions in only two or three years. Those simple, primitive Eskimos are now fervent Catholics.

"Their country is awful; all tundra, bare and barren, almost continually swept by storms, blizzards, etc.; very hard to live in it, but the consoling fruits gathered by the missionaries from these good souls is like sunshine; at least it makes us forget all the comforts and beauties of better countries. This poor Mission of Akulurak has been without a church for two years. The old one was burned to the ground, and so far we had no means of rebuilding it. But it is very hard to go on in this way. We use the convent chapel, too small and too low, for our 100 pupils and the village people; it is so close and smelly that last Sunday I almost fainted at the end of my Mass. It is a hot-bed for spreading flu, consumption and other similar evils. We want by all means to build a new one, and have already prepared the logs for the foundation. . . . It is all that we have; the purse, however, is empty; the times are very hard in Alaska as elsewhere. However, God will help us to build Him a home where His Eskimo children may learn to know, love and adore Him."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Word has just been received from Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., of the death from typhoid fever, of Father Arthur M. Michaud, S.J. Following so closely upon the news of Father Fox's



Father Arthur M. Michaud, S.J., sailed for Jamaica, B. W. I., August 26, 1931; died of typhoid fever, November 18, 1931.

tragic accident, the notice of Father Michaud's death comes as a sharp shock to his many friends, both in and outside of the Order, of which he was such a loyal member. On August 26, last, Father Michaud embarked from New York on the steamship Zacapa for missionary work in Jamaica. His zeal was mainly responsible for the Sunday union service of prayer, which was conducted on board the steamer for the edification and general devotion of the passengers. Immediately upon his arrival in Kingstown, he was appointed Editor-in-Chief of *Catholic Opinion*, a magazine for the Propagation of Truth, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. In the two short months and a half during which Father Michaud labored in Jamaica, he gave signal promise of much valuable work for the spread of the Kingdom of God in the Island. May God in His all-merciful Providence grant in His earnest soul a place of refreshment, of light and of peace.

Recent progress and developments in the mission field of Jamaica include a regular Sunday Mass at Leader's Lane, of which parish Father W. Kennedy, S.J., is now the pastor; Communion and a Communion Breakfast for thirty Knights of St. John at St. Joseph's Church, Spanish Town; a new church for the parishioners of St. Thomas, Morant Bay, made possible by Mr. Martin J. McHale of New York City; two busy weeks of retreats at Seaford Town by Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., where Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., is acting pastor; and a dance and garden party in aid of the missions at Above Rocks and Port Maria respectively.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Albert C. Reister, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has a deep love for the hundreds of Indian children under his care. He writes:

"School days! What a picture that brings before the Superior of Holy Rosary Indian Mission School! From all directions come the parents with their children to leave them here with the Sisters and missionaries for nine long months. Some of these families travel many weary miles in wagons. The trip very often takes several days, and they must jog along over rough trails during the day and pitch their tents near the roadside at night. Others have second-hand Fords and come faster and in more style. During the first few days in September, the hills and valleys are filled with tents.

"However, it is not the picture of wagons jogging along the trail, nor the tents pitched by the hillside nor the second-hand Ford cars that flashes before the Superior of Holy Rosary, but the picture of bills! Bills! Bills! As I watch almost four hundred growing children eat three times each day, I wonder how we will ever pay the baker, the butcher and the grocerman. I must also think of the warm clothing that is needed for these Red Skins during the cold winter months. The shoes, too, are a big item. Then when fires are needed there are coal and wood to buy. The boys and girls here at Holy Rosary Mission are not my only consideration. I must have a heart for the poor, the sick and the unfortunate that come to ask for food and clothing. Just a few days ago, Mr. and Mrs. No Neck came to bring their little boy to school. He was just six years old, but smiled because he wanted to come to the Mission School. The mother carried a small, delicate baby in her arms. A two or three-year-old little boy smiled in spite of the fact that his clothes were well worn. The father is ill, so this year he has been unable to provide for his little family. The *Sina Sapa* (Black-

robe) must find ways and means to help his people who are in need. How happy I was to give these people something to eat! How grateful I was to the friends who had sent clothing for the poor! There are many other families in this big Indian country who need clothing and food. It is the missionary's greatest joy, after his spiritual work, to bring joy to his Indians with material help. Be assured that I am grateful for every dollar and for every article of clothing that kind friends, such as you, send."

CHINA

Gonzaga College in Shanghai has opened on September 14, by the Jesuits of the California Province. Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., is Superior of the new institution, and with him are the Fathers and scholastics whose pictures appear in this issue of *Jesuit Missions*. The building in which the College is located is at 1231 Avenue Joffre in Shanghai. The building which houses the College at the present time is a concrete structure varying in height from two and three, to four stories.

Writing in behalf of this new missionary College, Charles D. Simons, S.J., tells of their need of such books as English and American classics; reference books pertaining to history, literature and science; dictionaries, biographies, books of poetry, short stories, travelogues; religious books of all kinds; and good fiction. It is always a problem to build up a library in a mission school, and so Mr. Simons is trying to interest his American friends in helping to supply the need. They will be persuaded more readily, if they realize that books from America help immensely to increase the prestige of mission schools in China.



Jesuit faculty of Gonzaga College, the new American Jesuit venture in Shanghai, China. All but the first named are California Jesuits: Left to right (seated) Fathers Joseph Ting, Pius Moore, Leo McGreal; (standing) Thomas Phillips, Father John Lennon, Albert Corcoran.



FROM MARY QUINN



HOLY SEE HONORS MONSIGNOR QUINN

A recent cablegram from Rome announced that Rt. Rev. William Quinn, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has been elevated by the Holy See to the rank of Protonotary Apostolic.

A Protonotary Apostolic is a member of the highest college of the prelates in the Roman Curia. Outside of the Pope's immediate entourage, the honor is rarely conferred, and is considered the highest honorary prelacy of the Church, and one with very special privileges. Ever since his college days, Monsignor Quinn has been an ardent mission enthusiast. After his ordination to the priesthood, in October, 1914, he was sent to the Catholic University in Washington, and while there, received from the late Cardinal Gibbons his appointment to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, as assistant director to the late Monsignor Ketcham. Later, in 1917, he was appointed general director of the Marquette League in New York City, which position he held for five years. In these capacities he became closely familiar with the problems of Catholic missionary work in the United States.

Shortly after the reorganization of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith by Pius XI, in 1922, Monsignor Quinn

was selected as National Secretary of the American branch, the late Bishop Freri being then the National Director. Upon the resignation of Bishop Freri in 1924, Monsignor Quinn's name was the unanimous choice of the Bishops of the United States as National Director, and their choice was approved by the Holy See.

At the time of Monsignor Quinn's appointment in 1924, as National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Society was established in thirty dioceses of this country, with receipts of approximately \$250,000 annually for the general fund of the Society. At the end of 1930, it was established in 104 dioceses, each with its diocesan director. Under his direction the United States branch has become the foremost national branch in the world in the support of Catholic missions, raising \$1,400,000 annually for the general fund of the society.

The Editors of *Jesuit Missions* join with Monsignor Quinn's many friends in offering him sincerest congratulations on the occasion of his recent honor, an honor richly deserved because of his deep mission interest and his zealous mission work.

FATHER FLYNN OF MARQUETTE LEAGUE HONORED BY POPE

Word has just been received that the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has honored the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, New York City, by elevating the League's Director General, Father William J. Flynn, to the rank of domestic prelate with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor.

This honor has been conferred upon Father Flynn in recognition of his very successful work for the Catholic Indian missions of this country and Alaska.

During the past six years, under Father Flynn's direction, the ordinary receipts of the Marquette League have been trebled, and during this same period the League has sent to the Indian missions from its ordinary receipts an amount as great as that distributed during the twenty-one previous years of its existence. Besides directing the work of the League, Father Flynn has personally collected about \$200,000 for the missions. Father Flynn has visited nearly all of the Indian missions of this country, and some of them many times. He is considered one of the best informed

priests in the country on the work of the Indian missions.

A marked characteristic of Father Flynn is his sincere gratitude to all his many friends among the clergy and laity throughout the country who have helped him to make his work a success.

Father Flynn is one of the younger priests in the country to receive the honor of domestic prelate. He is forty-two years of age and was ordained a priest at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Maryland, June 15, 1915.

The many Jesuit missionaries laboring among the American Indians and among the Eskimos, join the Editors of *Jesuit Missions* in offering sincerest congratulations to Father Flynn on the occasion of his elevation to the rank of domestic prelate. They have proof a plenty that he richly deserves all the honor coming to him, for he has been untiring in his labor for the cause of the many Jesuit missionaries in this country and Alaska.

MARQUETTE ENGINEERING MISSION SERVICE

Marquette: From Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Jesuit Missions* has just received notice of a plan which for practical apostolic value may be ranked with the modern campaign for medical missions.



Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Quinn



Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Flynn

Engineering: The plan offers strictly professional engineering consultation assistance for building, establishing, maintaining and serving contemplated structures. Costs are estimated, plans checked, economic maintenance programs submitted, and suggestions advanced in regard to heating, lighting, ventilation, sanitation, land, buildings and equipment.

Mission: This service is instituted for the benefit of Catholic missions and missionaries both home and foreign.

Service: This inspiring offer is service in the highest sense of the term. It is a phase of *Catholic Action* sponsored by the Marquette Sodality under the supervision of the Rev. John P. Markoe, S.J. The work is done by Catholic students of the College of Engineering, and inasmuch as it is under the supervision of faculty members is therefore reliable, professional and trustworthy. Worthy of special encomium in a day and generation whose stimulus for action of whatever sort seems to be *quid pro quo*, is the fact that this mission service is *gratis*. With the recompense of God's grace and the prayers of the missionaries, the members rest content. May their zealous project for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in mission lands prosper and inaugurate a new era of efficiency in the Church's campaign for souls. Communications may be addressed to: "Marquette Engineering Mission Service," 1210 W. Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

JUCHI UNIVERSITY, TOKIO, PROGRESSES

Considerable progress is being made by the Jochi University, the Jesuit institution of higher learning in Tokio, Japan. Externally, this advance is manifested by the new building that is being erected on the university grounds to care for the increasing student enrollment. Between three and four hundred young men now attend the university classes. But the real progress of the university is manifested in its wider influence on the educational life of Tokio, and especially in the spiritual bearing it has upon the students. As many as twenty-five students annually are received into the Faith.

The university offers excellent courses, especially in literature, philosophy and economics. The science courses are not developed to highest perfection. This is due mainly to the diminished revenue of the university under the stress of hard times. The Fathers of the German Province of the Society of Jesus, aided by a Father from the Maryland-New York Province and a capable corps of lay professors, are striving might and main to make the university serve the Church and Japanese culture with highest efficiency. The university is admirably located in the midst of the palaces and homes of the princes of Japan.

JAPANESE CONVERTS IN BRAZIL

Father Del Toro, S.J., the apostle of the Japanese in the city of Sao Paulo, Brazil, writes of a day of joy and spiritual jubilation. For on June 14, in the

Church of Saint Gundisalvus, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished concourse of their fellow countrymen and citizens, forty-six Japanese were cleansed from the effects of original sin by the regenerating waters of Baptism. For months they had been prepared and instructed in the faith by four able cate-

when the little Japanese children catch sight of their parents being baptized, they run to the Father and pluck at His sleeve and cry: "Look, Father, now my mother is being baptized," or again, "Father, there is my papa. How often did I ask him, but now at last he is receiving Baptism. I, myself, taught both my father and my mother the Our Father and the Hail Mary. . . . Tomorrow he will receive his First Communion. I, also, shall receive." Surely, the finger of God is here.

Christ the King

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

"You speak of Christ the
Prophet,
Your God, you say, and
mine—
And yet, I saw His picture,
His skin is white, like thine.

You do but preach a white
man's God,
Who has no love for me,
Who died, you say, for every-
man—
Some place across the seal!"

"Ah! speak not so, my brother,
For Christ sees not your skin.
But looks beneath the veil of
flesh
And seeks the soul within—

He reckons not with external
guise,
He searches hearts instead—
And the white-man's heart, and
the yellow-man's heart,
And the God-man's heart are
red!

He thirsts for souls, this Godly
King,
Whose meekness is His might,
And the white-man's soul, and
the yellow man's soul,
And the God-man's soul are
white.

Behold His throne, my brother,
Placed high on Calvary—
And the white-man's God, and
the yellow-man's God,
And everyman's God is He!"

chists, and their Baptism brings the total of Japanese converts to 1,000 in the last four years.

"I, myself," writes Father Del Toro, "on fourteen such occasions have looked upon the grace of the Holy Spirit descending visibly from on high. For it is only through the work of Heaven that men of mature mind, prominent likewise in business and social life, can be persuaded thus to bow their heads in order to receive new life in Christ." And

A WISE LITTLE MAID FROM JAPAN (Continued from page 3)

sisters and two younger brothers. And she was praying hard that her father and mother would soon be Catholics, too.

The old man reached into a pocket and pulled forth an old pair of rosary beads. Tears gathered in his eyes as he fingered them.

Yes, he, too, had been a Catholic once. But it was many years now since he had been to church. Only these beads he had always kept.

So there they sat together, this strange pair. The old, worn, world-beaten man and the fresh, candid, pure little flower of the Orient. East and west. And the west found himself, as he listened humbly to her simple words, learning from the east to cherish again the faith which had so long lain dormant in his heart.

Fiction? No, fact. The little girl is Hotsuko Iwata, little apostle of St. Theresa's Japanese Catholic Sunday School in Spokane, Washington. Scarcely more than a year ago she first began to learn of God, of His Divine Son, of the Blessed Mother and all the beauties of the true Faith. And when she had learned of them she went to work with apostolic zeal and gathered together all the Japanese children along Hangman's Creek.

She and her father and two brothers furnished up a little bunkhouse on their small farm. A piano, an organ, tables, chairs, blackboards, window hangings transformed the low roofed house into a delightful, cheery mission. There each Sunday gathered twenty and more children of Japan to learn from the lips of Mrs. Arthur Clausen, fairy god-mother of the mission, and from Jesuit scholastics the truths of the Catholic Faith.

WITH DORY AND MACHETE IN HONDURAS

(Continued from page 6)

four-inch spiders which looked to me suspiciously tarantula-like, said a prayer to our Guardian Angels to protect us against the Honduras "tiger" or puma, which was then causing no end of trouble to the Indian herdsmen of this district, and climbed into the hammocks. Except for Father Stevenson's midnight attack of rheumatic pains, a part of the cost of fourteen years of such campaigning for souls in the Honduras bush, the night passed uneventfully.

At daybreak we were on our way to Santa Teresa. Indians met us and walked along with us. We had Mass first in the tiny thatch-roof, mud-floor church; then a good part of the morning was spent by priest and doctor in ministering to the sick. We breakfasted on tortillas, no great delicacy even then when we were very hungry.

Three hours of walking to Aguacate, the other village, followed this. The Kekchi of Aguacate were enthusiastic in their welcome to their *Padre*. It was Sunday, but no day of rest; but by nine o'clock that night all the sick had been cared for.

Before retiring, I went into the church to say a few night prayers, and found the *Padre* beside the altar reading his office by the dim light of a candle. There had been no lulls in the work today, not even a motor-boat to pray in. This night, our lodgings, though not palatial, were satisfactory. A thatch roof overhead, even though it be the hiding place of scorpions, is preferable to the open sky; and a dirt floor without ants is better than one with them.

IN the morning after Mass we said *Adios* to our Kekchi friends, and with four wiry men of this modern Maya tribe, walked to the Moho, launched their dory and ours, and then began our periodic climbings into and out of the boats to get over the rocks and through rapids. Today the current was with us, so we counted only twenty-six such intermissions during our paddling.

Finally, after two hours of this, even the outboard motor on the Indians' dory began to function, and we were soon watching for alligators and iguanas. Towards evening we reached the mouth of the river and nosed out into the Caribbean.

SIMEON SIPARI, ALASKA

(Continued from page 7)

to cold in his apostolic trips. The rheumatism was gaining on the heart and placing his life in danger.

Two Prayers

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

*The temple gong is booming—
Some pagan's now at
prayer.
Alas, among his grinning gods
The God of Truth's not
there.*

*Lord, Thou hast paid a price
for him;
Thy cross was Heaven's
key.
Come, help me touch his dark-
ened heart,
Which is really seeking
Thee.*

Shortly before Easter, I took a trip with my dog-team down through that country to visit all the villages to administer the sacraments to the people, and to encourage our catechists. When I reached Nirkteum I found Simeon in great pain. It seemed evident that he could not last very long. But his courage seemed to keep him up, and even from his sick-bed he often taught the people both by word and by example. With joy he received the sacraments himself, and never tired of thanking me for having come so far to see him. I left him so comforted that I had hopes that God might still keep him for the work that he was doing so well. But, on the first of May, the month of Mary, the Mother he loved so well, Simeon gave back his soul to God without struggle and with a smile on his lips. His beautiful death made a great impression on the

simple Eskimos. Some have marked to me that at times, during his sickness, although he seemed unconscious, as soon as they started saying the beads, he seemed to wake up and join his hands, and took his beads, anxious to take his part in the prayers to the honor of the holy Mother. I have no doubt but that Simeon Sipari has a very high place in Heaven, very near, indeed to good Father Robaut whom I loved and helped so well.

RECRUITING THE RANKS AT MAY RIVER

(Continued from page 11)

the carriage has to be abandoned mile before reaching the church as one takes to the saddle. The last stretch finds a fording where you step gingerly from stone to stone and then proceed up the last steep hill. So it is train, horse and carriage, horse alone, then you alone, then May River.

THE day of the Confirmation: the commodious but simple church did not begin to hold the vast throng that had come from the neighboring hills and valleys. Some had walked eight miles up and down the steep hills to be on hand. They were clad in gala contrast to their ordinary drab dress, and in some cases shoes and stockings had been carried on the heads of the owners to within a short distance of the church. Then they halted to put them on.

The start of the ceremony showed the work of Father Skell and the catechists. All were eager to answer the Bishop's questions in catechism. They knew their faith and why they were there. A good number could not have written what they could tell so well. Fond parents and many friends beamed approval at correct answers and looked far more distressed than the children at any hesitancy. It was a family group in the Catholic Church in the bush of Jamaica. Wrapt attention was given to Bishop Emmet as he recalled to the elders and their juniors the duties of the soldier of Jesus Christ. Well deserved were the words of praise for the good pastor. The fruit of his work was evident. Right through the Con-

firmation and Benediction, true piety and faith were shown by the people.

After the ceremonies all gathered on the hillside outside the church to pledge allegiance to the Bishop and then to greet him individually. The happy smiles of all showed how sincere was their welcome. Such a visit was to mean the strengthening of the faith of the Catholics and the beginning of the conversion of many of their neighbors.

I have not told you half about May River, nor anything about Avocat, eight miles over the mountains, nor of Mount Joseph, up that high mountain where Father Skelly goes to say Mass the day after the Confirmation. Yet in the light of what I have told you, I feel sure that you will offer up a prayer both for himself and for his work. If you do, then he may forgive me for telling you about him.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE

(Continued from page 13)

the sound of the bell. The men sat in a circle; the women squatted humbly in the rear. After about fifteen minutes, things became settled and the sermon began, despite the distractions provided by an unruly papoose. The talk was lengthy, dealt with the difference between Christians and pagans, while the men sat back on their heels, mute and attentive, taking in every word greedily. In the Lake St. Joseph region there are some 600 pagans. As the missionaries have come here only in recent years, even the present small number of Catholics is very encouraging. During our brief stay of six days, eleven converts were received.

Before our evening service had concluded, we could hear, in the distance, the deep, monotonous boom—boom—boom of the big pow-wow kettle-drums. The pagans, wishing to entice our people away, were holding a grand dance to be accompanied by the traditional feasting and oratory.

At dusk, the ominous warning was circulated that the *Amanissokan* or Wild Indian was abroad. The hushed dread of some mysterious, terrifying presence seized the camp.

The women trembled with fear. This unreasonable instinct of terror was probably an inherited reminiscence of the ancient Iroquois marauders. Wild Indians are supposed to descend from the extreme north, menacing, invisible, eager to despoil and ravage. Our guide, David, recounted that once, when traveling upstream, he saw a group of Indians pass on the farther side of an island and vanish. Their disappearance could not be explained. David's companions searched for tracks on the muddy shore, and by chance discovered wet footprints on a fallen tree. The strangers, anxious to avoid an encounter, had stepped into the water, and carried the canoe with its contents far into the concealing bush. However, the origin of the dreaded *Amanissokan* in our camp, may have been of very little moment. Some one had thrown a stone at Patrick Wabanigijweshkam, and Ambrose Mikonaoh, in defiance of the ancient superstition, slipped off his shoes to investigate. He heard retreating footsteps, but saw no one. (To be concluded in the February number.)



Zueco's Bisayan (Visayan) Book. Translated by Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J. Fordham, New York, N. Y. 1931.

Anxious to aid American Jesuit missionaries to Mindanao, in their efforts to learn the native dialect, Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., who for the greater part of ten years has been laboring among the Visayans, has translated the present work from the Spanish original of Father Ramon Zueco de San Joaquin, O. S. A. In this he has proven faithful to Jesuit missionary traditions throughout the centuries. The outstanding feature of the grammar is its simplicity of precept and its golden treasury of exercises. There are also three series of excellent review questions, more than 250 themes, and a Visayan-English, English-Visayan Index and Vocabulary. The exercises are based upon the every-day practical needs of missionary life and will do much to counteract what Lewis Carroll so happily styled the Fat Mind—one which, precisely for want of exercises, could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation, could not jump over a logical fence to save its life; always got stuck fast in a narrow argument; and, in short, was fit for nothing but to wad-

Our Contributors

GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J., of the California Province, a philosopher at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, reveals how *A Wise Little Maid from Japan* detected the image of Christ beneath a beggar's cloak.

The hopes and fears of future years are told with the fancy of figures, when the RT. REV. BERNARD SULLIVAN, S.J., *Paina's Bishop, Reports*.

Through river and bush *With Dory and Machete in Honduras* is the lot of the missionary as seen by CHARLES F. KRUGER, S.J., now studying theology at St. Mary's, Kansas.

Simeon Sipari, Alaska, is the biography of a favorite catechist, by the VERY REV. FRANCIS M. MENAGER, S.J., the Superior of the Alaskan Mission.

THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J., a theologian of the Maryland-New York Province, now at Woodstock, Md., introduces the readers to a vibrant apostolic character of *Lonely Lanao*, Mindanao, P. I.

FATHER GABRIEL M. MENAGER, S.J., of the California Province, pictures *A Mission in Ruins*, the tragic aftermath of the recent fire in St. Paul's Mission, Montana.

A former missionary in Jamaica, B. W. L., FATHER HENRY WENNEBERG, S.J., describes the Confirmation ceremonies, while Bishop Emmet, S.J., is *Recruiting the Ranks at May River*.

A Thousand Miles in a Canoe was the novice missionary experience of ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada, who is studying at the Jesuit Seminary of Theology in Montreal.

In a poem entitled *Christ, the King*, which we hope will be followed by many more, WILLIAM DONAGHY, S.J., who is engaged in classical studies at Shadowbrook, in the Province of New England, acclaims the God of the brown man, the yellow man and the white.

Two Prayers is a poetic epitome of the gospel of the pagan and the gospel of Christ, sung by RICHARD WELFLE, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who is at present studying theology at St. Mary's, Kurseong, in the Himalayas.

The missionaries who write for you would welcome your active interest in their missions

die helplessly through the world.

Father Zueco has been honored in the format of the book and also in the genius of its translator.

A Postulant Arrives. By Brother Joachim Vincent, M.S.S.T. "S-O-S for the Preservation of the Faith," Holy Trinity, Alabama.

The Postulant is from the Northland and arrives in the Southland to join the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity. His happy commentary on the first days of probation should quicken many a wavering vocation and supplant, by a holy curiosity, the indifference or ill omened premonitions of our Catholic youth in regard to the religious life.

As It Is Written, Series I; Christmas. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press. New York, N. Y. Price, thirty cents; postage five cents.

"Christmas" is the first number in Father LeBuffe's new series of booklets. Applying St. Ignatius' "Second Method of Prayer" to the Gospel stories of the Nativity, the Shepherds, and the Magi, the author combs both the text and the context for thoughts that will yield a fuller knowledge, love and imitation of the Christ of the Gospels. Phrase by phrase, he interprets the Word of God by the Word of God, and as he does so, the reader becomes, for the nonce, elevated on the wings of prayer to a closer vision of the Christ of the Prophecies, is enraptured by the harmony of scriptural allusions, and is educated in mind and heart and will, much as were the disciples on the road to Emmaus, when Christ Himself "beginning with Moses and all the prophets, expounded to them in all the scriptures, the things that were concerning Him."

So This Is Evolution! Misguided Evolutionists. "God" and Some Scientists. Human Evolution and Science. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press. New York, N. Y. Price, ten cents each.

In these four pamphlets, Father LeBuffe, S.J., offers a critique of Evolution and Evolutionists, which is encyclopedic in its survey and devastating in its logic. It teaches a salutary lesson in scientific thinking to many a man whose name has been haloed with dogmatic infallibility. It ruthlessly despoils the popes of science of those prerogatives of impeccability and indefectibility, even in their own proper field of observation and research, which some unwarrantably have arrogated to themselves. While the author is, on the one hand, entirely appreciative of the veriest mites of invention and discovery, on the other hand, his words become at times like knotted cords, with which he whips from the temple of revealed and consecrated truth the hawking buyers and sellers of pseudo-scientific wares.

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